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Eastern European Cartoons

Stop Faecism?!

nova-nevedoma.com/stop-faecism/

Hey and hi. Privet, droogi. This (shit)post is a direct sequel to:

You can skip it in theory but it's not recommended for the full picture. It's from that category of sequels that are even better than their first instalment (promise).

December 2025 — London — I'm watching my flatmate lying on his bed writhing in pain as he pleads me to pull out a government-issued digital butt plug from his arse. He's bloated, he can't shit any more — he can't eat his own shit, you see! The government gracefully banned him from that! Suddenly, they care that everybody's eating shit! The fucking pathos of this whole situation! I'm not even saying "told you" any more — I am no prophet — I promised I won't say a thing, I took an oath I'll watch the world drown in excrements in total silence, and I'll savour it, as much as such imagery can be savoured, however, now, with the recent developments, I don't know on whose side I am and it's time for me again to let my voice out...

Two weeks ago, the World Health Organisation finally (or again, now for real) declared a worldwide emergency, officially: "a coprophagy

pandemic caused by a new protein discovered with AI". The governments of the world have never been so united and all it took was for the populace to become sovereign individuals by having everything they want and need from a single source. I've always said that the Earth is the paradise at dawn, but now, for most people, it became the paradise at sunset — happy people roaming free, given to themselves and their dung, receeding towards the endlessly setting Sun. See, when people became enlightened and transcended the ordinary life under late capitalism, they realised they didn't give a shit about work; they could just take the shit instead, eat the shit, and become a self-sustained ur-unit, completely outside of the economy and politics, completely alien to it, as it has always been to the ur-individual. The inherently silly idea of the political compass has shattered. The shiteater society is both libertarian (total self-sufficiency), socialist (means of production are indeed seized), conservative (nothing more traditional than your own bowels), anarchist (no hierarchy but peristalsis), techno-optimist (AI solved everything), accelerationist (we've speedrun capitalism so fast, like literally brrrrrrrrrr, that we exited through the other side! uh-huh), nihilist (nothing matters; might as well), Buddhist (same), egalitarian (everyone shits: the rich, the poor, no need to eat each other), fundamentalist (won't even comment on this one), etm. Every person of every ideology got their utopia, and it turns out, it's the same one! No one could think it's always been so close, right behind you, effortless; all it costs is dignity! But the governments aren't happy, for no government likes to be in such a position because it means nobody needs a fucking government.

It happened thusly: HMRC discovered PAYE wasn't paying and nobody was filling returns or any paperwork because everyone was too blissed on the aged lotus to remember what money is. Before coming out with a new budget in November, the Treasury realised that if productivity continues declining at current rates, the UK will be functionally equivalent to a medieval subsistence economy by Q3 2026, except instead of farming sheep or parsnips they're farming themselves.

What to do? asks the Treasury. How to be?

And, most importantly, how do we tax a turd? asks the Chancellor.

The blame cascade happened all around the world: the government blamed Abdominion Labs, Abdominion blamed DeepMind for their science, DeepMind said "because science" and blamed the government for not regulating AI because of course they "warned everyone", the government blamed the government for not being in the EU any more, Farage somehow blamed immigrants, saying "we don't need illegal shit in this country, we're proud of our own!" But at the parliamentary debate, regardless of their beliefs, everyone unanimously agreed to blame neoliberals even though nobody knows any more who those are, for they've reached Anunnaki status long ago.

We obviously can't ban people from defecating but we should do something we should I don't know maybe we could say to people that eating their faeces isn't a good idea for their health and wellbeing.

They are happy the people why would they listen to you?

We're a free country!

It's under your party's government you allowed this!

You can't regulate the shit market it's just not the vibe!

Enough of this drunk daddy-state delirium!

We're not becoming a mummy state!

After days of heated debates, the solution was found, and of course it was to become a mummy state. After a summit in Stockholm, a few countries agreed to pilot the programme: the UK, Sweden, and Australia. Humans are indeed peculiar creatures — we create problems, we find solutions, and sometimes I think that this is what makes our existence so fun and exciting: for easy problems we have complex solutions, for high-tech problems, we have high-tech solutions, for stupid problems we have tyranny. What to do if you don't want your child to eat shit, I mean, honestly? As a proud mum, you think, you ponder, you have no idea, then you just plug the problem, every damn hole in it.

To implement the programme, the governments partnered with Palantir to create a special device, a prototype for which was apparently used in the US Army for years before the lotus took over the world. They called it SAURON (Secure Anal Unit for Retention and Output Neutralisation) and it was supposed to help brave US soldiers to neutralise the new Russian-Chinese dung virus of mass destruction that

was developed in the underground labs in Iran and then transported by Somali pirates to Venezuela, at least so I read on X. It was supposed to bring peace to people — it did, to some — because nothing says peace like military-grade government surveillance hardware in your rectum, through which the Antichrist himself is watching you with his brown eye.

In the UK, the device was called in a friendlier fashion — ColonLock. It integrates with digital ID and syncs with your Gov.uk account. Each plug has a unique identifier which is used to log every attempted bowel movement, timestamp it, geolocate it — all in real time, even if you're in a bunker or in some faraway corner in the middle of nowhere.

All coprophagi, including my dear flatmate, are subject to mandatory installation of the plug at GP surgeries. To make it work, the plugged individuals are banned from taking shit at home, and are supposed to go to a dedicated walk-in defecation site set up by the NHS whenever they want to excrete any amount of excrements of any form, be it solid or semi-solid or more on the diarrhoea side. There the said substance is collected and, as the government promises, is disposed of or recycled. You can get some of it for yourself within a certain quota according to your defecation permit and get taxed accordingly with a progressive rate. This way the government ensures that you don't take, store, and age your shit at home, thus limiting your consumption of lotus. Everyone can still get their bit of bliss and happiness: people (you can eat your shit, of course, just pay for it), companies (people still work their arses off, productively), government (people pay tax). The new tax

was called Stool Duty and worked similar to VAT, paid at each transaction. The government was expecting to cover the losses within just a few weeks. Given the expected number of installations and the approximate amount of defecations, the total amount of shit tax would be astronomical.

Now, do you know what happens when society can't shit? It bloats. And believe me, it's not pretty.

Nobody believed the government. Nobody wanted to get plugged, to let government decide what they eat, to give up their shit, to get some American tech up their arse, for fuck's sake!

Nobody showed up at the plugging sites. Most were too blissful to go anywhere. Most hadn't left their homes for weeks. Alone, or with company, they forgot the outside world existed, for finally, once in a few millennia, they were free, given to themselves.

Naturally, that outcome was expected. The doctors together with the police were sent to houses to check if people were engaging in the activity now declared illegal. If they were... well, they got plugged. After you get plugged, all illegal defecations are immediately reported to the local police, they show up at your doorstep, arrest you, and you go to prison, where you'll shit on schedule. Once prisons became overflowed, the government organised special camps.

Everyone would get a plug eventually, they said. Why wait? Get yours early to receive a tax relief.

Nobody believed them.

Plugging was advertised on TV, on the internet, on banners all around the country. Many MPs and public figures were endorsing the programme and claiming they'd already been plugged and couldn't be merrier.

Nobody believed them either. Show us, why don't you show us, eh? people screamed.

The government couldn't be arsed, though. How's that supposed to look, showing your arse for everyone to see? To end up on a front page of the Guardian? What would the headline say? "My Arse Got Plugged. Here's Why That's Complicated"?

Nobody believed or would've believed the elite got their plugs too. On the contrary, a new (conspiracy) theory, Marx-aligned, emerged that the world was now divided into turdeoisie (the elite unplugged class) and plugetariat (the plugged masses), everyone needed their opium tho. The former were accused of taking shit from the latter, that the whole programme, the whole "controlled defecation" and "recycling" business was just a cover-up plot of channelling the streams of aged dung from the poor to the rich. It's always a class struggle, is it not?

A black market for "illegal unplugging" occurred for those unlucky ones who got their ColonLocks first.

Everyone would get a plug eventually, they said.

Stay calm.

The common short-lived utopia was again dwindling and, as it happens, acquired the notorious "dys-" prefix, for every heaven has its hell.

People were united, united by nothing except the absolute refusal to be plugged, nothing except the freedom to eat shit.

Some demanded bodily autonomy.

Others screamed "surveillance capitalism."

Some called for a national conversation or even a referendum.

The far right said the butt plugs were halal.

But — all of them — together — in the streets — united.

But — all of them — together — got plugged anyway.

The police became a plugging gang.

And I was watching. I had taken an oath, you see. This is the whole tragedy of my situation. I felt alone in this world. I can't stand the idea of eating your own shit — any shit, for that matter, be it my shit, my best friend's, a package of processed shit going with a meal deal, a "Great Taste" shit, a luxury shit from Waitrose, my mother's even, even if it was her last wish from me on her deathbed — I would never ever do it. I'm not proud of it but I admit I thought of killing myself, I lowkey did, then, leaning out from the window, I thought that was it, the end, now

I take off and fly, fly far away from this madness. But I didn't. I reckoned I would rather watch this shitty world perish in this self-inflicted faecicide. Irony, the irony alone has been the only thing I'd love to savour in this situation. But now, I don't know what to do. I genuinely don't. I've always been "anti-authoritarian", you see, pro-freedom and human rights and morals and ethics and other fancy concepts many deemed too liberal and look at them now, I believed that people are allowed to live their life however they want, within a reasonable margin, following, so to say, common sense or whatever number of commandments from whatever the old fairy tale they fancy. They have rights, you know, people: freedom of speech, of expression, of all those things I'd want for myself. So, if they, people, want to live a life in which they enjoy eating their own fermented and aged turds, why the fuck not? Who am I to judge them? Who can judge them at all? The government? No, sure not the government. God? Well, hands down, I don't know how God created this world, perhaps not without a pinch of lotus, too.

Plugged, unplugged — doesn't matter — people went onto the streets, protesting. Non-violently first, peacefully, chanting, with flags and placards. Gen Z, millennials, Gen X, boomers (who at least found the plugging obscene, not just "problematic", like millennials, or "genuinelly not funny", like Gen Z).

HMRC became "His Majesty's Rectal Control".

We survived Thatcher, we won't survive this! — people screamed.

This is an attack on small business! — the shitrepreneurs were louder than others after they'd lost their business model.

Everyone would get a plug eventually, the government kept saying.

As protests continued, students from Oxford even threatened the government to hack the ColonLock system and run a virus that would unlock everyone simultaneously and create the so-called Great Unplugening, mass synchronised defecation, and the world, escatologically speaking, would end.

But despite all the turmoil, the protesters were taken one by one by the police, chased, cornered, bent over crush barriers, undressed pants down, and plugged on the spot. Those who protested online were tagged, located, plugged.

One old man wrapped in the Union Jack stared directly into the camera as it happened to him. When the coppers took him, he didn't scream — he just looked, his eyes were blank, didn't flinch, lips didn't waver. Later, his face became the icon of the resistance.

Everyone would get a plug eventually, like that old chap. I remember his face. I see it now, in front of me, whilst I'm looking at my flatmate cringing and writhing, crying and screaming, begging me, his mother, his Lord Jesus Christ. And what do I do? I sit and watch, listen, turn my face away. I would of course love to see a man explode from the inside, would love to see this whole shitty world explode in the same manner, but I know on whose side I am, now I know, I reckon I do. I've made

my decision. I've grasped the full, impossible tragedy of my situation. I must extend a helping hand to my friend.

I reach towards his arse. I tremble, I close my eyes, I almost cry. My fingers wrap around the top of the plug, push inside, my flatmate screams in pain, I pull —

— and the plug is in my palm, together with shit and blood.

My flatmate passed out and defecated right there on his bed.

Now I see it clearly.

I see the future right before me.

I see the future of the whole world.

I see my own future.

Everyone would get a plug eventually.

Don't stay silent.

It's coming to your country next.

Join the resistance.

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